

Yes, There Seems to Be Some Hope for Washington After Gray's Showing Against Athletics

BEATING ATHLETICS REVIVES AMBITION

Celan-Cut Work of Gray in Box and Arrival of St. Louis Grounds for Hope—Elberfeld Proves He's Mentally Sound.

By THOMAS S. RICE.

Game with St. Louis today at 4 p. m.
Yep, there is hope.
Johnson pitches today.

Natural born battlers, every one of these Washington fellows. We have always contended that. Give them the pitching and the hits and the fielding and baserunning, and by gosh they'll beat most any team you can think of. They had all of these and some more yesterday. They triumphed the Athletics 4 to 1, and we have peeped up mightily. A baseball fan lives from day to day more than any other human being, and we are no exception. One clean-cut win after a series of defeats causes him to forget the past and figure only on the future. Our wall yesterday was that we were sliding cellarward, but with the fickleness of the clan, we are now beginning to dope out a nice piece for future delivery about how if we win all our games and Cleveland and Chicago lose all theirs, our brave boys may again get within reaching distance of the first division.

Every time we give up in disgust and announce that this team can never hope to win a game, it gets mad and takes one just to make us feel mean. If that is the right answer we are going to write some roasts that will make their ears to tingle, and maybe we will thus reach the top of the second division once more.

What gets into Dolly Gray now and then makes him pitch so good or so bad? He is one of the mysteries of the league. Never since he has been in this company did he pitch a better game than he did yesterday. He had plenty of emergency speed, excellent control, used his arm, did not get rattled, and had a good change of pace. In most of his other games Gray has been positively weak, has lacked control when hard pressed and weakened toward the end, but he has occasional flashes such as that of yesterday, and it is hard to understand what happens to him. At the rate he went against the Athletics Gray is one of the most valuable twirlers in the league, but you never can tell how much goods he is going to come across with.

Pinch McBride did not get a hit off Coombs, but he walked and scored.

Errors by the Athletics were responsible for Washington's first two runs, but the last two were made by a revival of the former hitting habit of the Nationals, that of jumping on an opposing pitcher at most unexpected moments and slugging him for a bunch of hits and runs before he could get his balance. That was a very cheery little rally in the eighth when in reality four hits were made off Coombs, but only three could be counted because Umpire Egan insisted upon calling Elberfeld's double to right a foul. Coombs was alarmed, but the most important fact was that every National went to bat with an air of confidence as if it were all over but the shouting and swung at the ball in a forceful manner. The team has been falling so miserably in hitting in the past two weeks that it was a comfort to see the men show their nerve all at once and look like sure enough swatters.

Going up?
The impression was rapidly gaining ground that Kid Elberfeld was going in the head. Fans were worrying about him, for he is still comparatively a young man, and has a large family on his neck such a pity that one so young and so fair should be off his nut. Now these gloomy thoughts are dispelled. The Kid is all right. He is still up and doing. He proved it yesterday by getting into a fuss with Umpire Egan and being bounced from the game. Ordinarily, we do not commend players who get themselves ejected, but it is such a relief to know that the Kid is not falling men-

ally, that we cannot find it in our heart to chide him overmuch about his break. In the eighth inning, with Lelivelt on second, Elberfeld knocked a perfectly legitimate two-bagger to right along the foul line. It was the kind of a hit you could introduce to your best girl or appoint on a committee to go to the District Commissioners to protest against your neighbor happening to enjoy something you don't like. Such hits are the bone and sinew of the country, and contribute regularly to reform campaigns against anything you can mention. You know the kind. Well, sir, the Kid viewed the hit just as we have, and never gave the matter another thought until he got to second base, where he was informed that Umpire Egan had refused to allow it to be exhibited in the District. Business of the Kid making remarks. Nothing coarse, or violent, or derogatory, or anarchistic, or murderous, or immoral—just remarks. The kid you make when the laundry brings you somebody else's boiled shirt and you don't find it out until too late and have an engagement with a queen whose folk have money. We may express it better by saying that the Kid expostulated, and at some length. The end of it was that he was eliminated right there. Conroy batted for him and walked. We do suppose the Kid will get more than three days, if anything, in the way of a suspension, but if he does it will be a grievous blow to our prospects at this time. Still no person shy of angelic wings and a halo could have had that swat called for, without blowing off steam, and the Kid showed rare self-repression when he limited himself to mere expostulation.

Lake and Stephens are the probable selections for St. Louis today.

Washington scored in the first inning yesterday when Milan walked and went all the way home on Baker's wild throw of Lelivelt's sacrifice. In the fourth Elberfeld walked, took second on Killinger's sacrifice, and trotted over the plate when Barry fumbled Unglaub's grounder and afterward threw it away. Unglaub filed out in the eighth and Street singled. Gray's out put Street on second and Milan's single to center scored him. Milan took second on the throw and counted when Lelivelt singled to center. Lelivelt stole and would have scored had Umpire Egan had on spectacles when Elberfeld made a two-bagger that was called a foul. Conroy took up the burden when Elberfeld was charged and he walked. Gessler grounded out to Collins.

Here is the tabulated relief from the losing yards we have been spinning so long.

Washington.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Milan, cf.	2	2	2	4	0	0
Lelivelt, lf.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Conroy, 3b.	3	0	0	0	2	1
Gessler, rf.	2	0	0	1	0	0
McBride, ss.	2	1	0	2	6	0
Killinger, 2b.	0	0	1	1	0	1
Unglaub, lb.	4	0	0	12	1	0
Street, c.	3	1	1	2	2	0
Gray, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	4	7	27	17	1

Pittsburgh.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Herrnstein, cf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hartel, lf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Collins, 2b.	4	0	0	0	2	1
Baker, 3b.	3	0	0	0	2	1
Houser, lb.	3	0	0	12	0	0
Murphy, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Barry, ss.	2	0	0	5	2	1
Donohue, c.	2	0	1	3	5	0
Coombs, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Thomas, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bender, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
McInnis, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	1	3	24	35	2

*Batted for Hartel in the ninth.
*Batted for Donohue in the eighth.
Washington 4; Pittsburgh 1.
First base on errors—Washington, 2; Philadelphia, 3. Left on bases—Washington, 6; Philadelphia, 3. First base on balls—Gray, 2; off Coombs, 5. Struck out—Gray, 2; by Coombs, 3. Sacrifice hit—Killinger. Lelivelt. Stolen bases—Lelivelt, Collins. Wild pitch—Coombs. Umpire—Messrs. Egan and Perrine. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes. Attendance—902.

Beginning to Threaten Washington Club



JACK O'CONNOR, Manager of St. Louis Browns.

DREYFUSS BLAMES MANAGER CLARKE

PITTSBURGH, July 8.—President Barney Dreyfuss, of the Pittsburgh ball team, criticizes Manager Fred Clarke today, in speaking of the unprecedented slump that has marked the playing of his team for some time past, and says he does not know what is the matter with the players individually or as a team. Loss of control seemed to be at least partly responsible.

"I am at a loss to understand how a team that won the world's championship last year could fall off so much in form in such a short time," said President Dreyfuss today.

"CY" YOUNG TO TRY FOR RECORD TODAY

Veteran Twirler Will Attempt to Score 500th Victory in Game at Boston.

BOSTON, July 8.—When the Cleveland Americans clash here today with the Red Sox in a double-header, Old Cy Young will try for a baseball record. Young, in his twenty seasons has won just 49 times in major league company. Today he will try to round out the half-thousand against the Speed Boys, with whom he played for years. He probably will pitch in the first game.

FLYNN LEAVES HOSPITAL.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 8.—Jack Flynn, first baseman of the Pittsburgh team, was discharged from the hospital yesterday, where he had been undergoing an operation on his injured knee. He is still weak and will be out of the game for several weeks.

MONTHLY TOURNEY AT COLUMBIA CLUB

Play Is Inaugurated in July Handicap Golf Event.

Play was inaugurated yesterday afternoon in the July handicap tournament of the Columbia Country Club, which bids fair to outdistance all previous ones from a point of general interest.

Four matches are played, that in which Dr. Thompson and U. S. Catlett defeated M. E. Danforth and T. O. Varnell, bringing about the best competition. Play was about even in the first nine holes, but by excellent drives in the second half, Thompson and Catlett carried the honors by 2 up.

Results of the other matches are as follows:
J. C. Davidson and H. B. Feast defeated A. B. Leet and J. Sharp, 3 up and 2 to play.
Dr. Luehker and W. C. Thacher defeated E. C. Walke, and H. N. Brown.
G. N. Brawner and W. L. Smith defeated W. L. Halstead and T. H. Stearn by 1 up and 6 to play.

CHEERS OFTEN HURT

Hugh Jennings is not sure that rooting helps a ball team in the long run. The players become accustomed to the rooting on the home grounds and miss it on the road.

Standings and Possibilities

AMERICAN LEAGUE						NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Yesterday's Results.						Yesterday's Results.					
Washington, 4; Philadelphia, 1.						Brooklyn, 2; Philadelphia, 6.					
Boston, 13; New York, 4.						Cincinnati, 1; Chicago, 8.					
Today's Games.						Today's Games.					
St. Louis at Washington.						Brooklyn at Pittsburgh.					
Detroit at Philadelphia.						Chicago at St. Louis.					
Chicago at N. Y. York.						Cleveland at Boston.					
Standing of the Clubs.						Standing of the Clubs.					
W. L. Pct. Win. Loss.						W. L. Pct. Win. Loss.					
Philadelphia	45	21	.682	567	522	Chicago	44	24	.647	523	528
New York	38	28	.576	568	574	New York	40	23	.636	512	537
Detroit	41	31	.568	575	582	Cincinnati	36	32	.529	526	523
Boston	37	29	.561	567	552	Pittsburgh	33	31	.516	523	508
Cleveland	39	32	.547	574	566	Philadelphia	32	31	.508	522	511
Chicago	39	36	.520	495	448	Brooklyn	29	37	.439	446	453
Washington	25	43	.367	286	371	St. Louis	20	39	.339	441	429
St. Louis	21	43	.328	338	352	Boston	26	46	.361	379	356

ST. MARY BULLY TO FIGHT

BALTIMORE, July 8.—The St. Mary County Bully, known by every follower of pugilism in this city, will re-enter the ring after an absence of several years.

COLE TO JOIN JOHNSON

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J., July 8.—George Cole, the colored "old man" pugilist who has trained many fighters at his "gym" near Merchantville, announced today that he will go out of the training business for a while and share the glory of Johnson's victory. Cole is setting out to join the champion as one of his boxing partners in the show business. Johnson and Cole became fast friends while the champion was training for his fight with O'Brien at Cole's camp. Prior to that, he lived several months with Cole when Lew Bailey used to him in preliminaries.

CASEY AT THE BAT

1 The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day:
The score stood four to two with but one inning more to play.
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

2 A straggling few got up to go in deep despair.
The rest
Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast:
They thought if only Casey could get a whack at that—
We'd even money now with Casey at the bat.

3 Bat Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake.
And the former was a lulu and the latter was a fake.
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed to be but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

4 But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all.
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball.
And when the dust had lifted, and the men saw what had occurred,
There was Johnnie safe at second and Flynn a-hugging the bat.

5 Then from five thousand throats or more there rose a lusty yell:
It rumbled through the valley; it rattled in the dell;
It knocked upon the mountain and re-echoed upon the flar,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

6 There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place.
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 't was Casey at the bat.

7 Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt.
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

8 And now the leather covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty triumph of the power.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one!" the umpire said.

9 From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill that倒霉 fellow!" shouted some one in the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

10 With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone:
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher and once more the sphere flew.
But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said: "Strike two!"

11 "Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his muscles strain and cold they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

12 The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate.
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

13 Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville 'neath the town.

—Ernest L. Thayer.

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\$32.50 E. B. Suits for..... \$21.67		
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